THE GALLOPER:

OR,

Needs must when the Devil drives.

A

POEM.

LONDON:

Printed for *John Morphew* near *Stationers-Hall*, 1710.

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PREFACE.

THE only Way, for angry Persons to be patient under just Reflexions, is, to consider with themselves, how far they have deserv'd them.

Therefore, before the Whigs are too fiery in their Resentments, I would have them consider the many insolent Provocations they have given of Late to the whole Kingdom, by their Attempts, tho' ineffectual, to precipitate their Country into those mischievous Compliances, which (could they have gain'd their Point) would not only have made us a hasty Sacrifice to their Avarice and Ambition, but would have given, at once, such a total Overthrow to all Religion, Vertue, Loyalty, and Sincerity, and have decoy'd the Nation into such a Labyrinth of Confusion, that must have extended its Miseries (without the Interposition of especial Providence) to all Perpetuity; and would have drawn the Curses of Posterity, as well as those of the present Age, upon their monstrous Managements and nefarious Machinations.

PREFACE.

Let them, therefore, ruminate upon these Things, and also take into their mature Consideration, the audacious Liberties of their own Advocates, the Encouragements they have given them to affront the State, abuse the Church, and to impose a thousand Falsities and notorious Calumnies upon the Credit of the Publick; and, I am certain, they cannot (unless they suffer their Choler to boil above their Reason) be angry at the just Liberty taken with their Factious Party in the following Poem, *which insinuates nothing to the World, but what their own Proceedings have already warranted to be unquestionable Truths: Therefore, without Immodesty, I think they may be hinted, at such a time, when their own Scribblers are so very industrious to gain ground, by breaking down the Fences of Truth, Government, and Religion, and treating their illiterate, impatient, and undistinguishing Readers, with malicious Suggestions, and fictitious Accusations, as odious and as scandalous as their own Characters.*

I shall say but little in relation to the following Poem, only, that the Terminations of the Verse are throughout with a Dissyllable, or, at least, such as measure no otherwise in common Pronunciation; which, perhaps, is a Singularity not to be met with in a Poem of the same Length, by reason there is some Difficulty in finding out apt Words to answer the Purpose of so uncommon an Undertaking; therefore, I hope, the Reader will find something in it, besides Truth, to render it diverting.

FAREWEL.

WHAT a Bustle we make about High-Church and Low-Church?
Yet wrangle and squabble, as if there was no Church;
And, to ruin ourselves, by our foolish Dissentions,
Place all our Religion in Feuds and Contentions;
Shew our Zeal and our Faith, in our Pride and our Malice,
Serve God like the *Vintners* at *Dover* and *Calais*,
Whose Devotion is only to huff and to cozen,
And for e'ery Six Shillings, to set up a Dozen.
So our Zealots, who put on most sanctify'd Physzes,
That their Looks may deceive the more credulous Nizies,

The'

Tho' they Conſcience pretend, 'tis, alas! to out-wit us,
And when they cant moſt like a Saint, 'tis to cheat us.

What a P---x has a Man of Religion to do
With a dull *Preſervative*, or nauſeous *Review*?
Or, who that deſigns to be honeſt or godly,
Would trouble his Brains with the Writings of *H---ly*?
What Man, that's a Lover of Senſe, or of Claret,
Would ever ſubmit to be taught by a Parrot?
Or labour, by reading contemptible Nonſenſe,
To fix his Religion, or ſettle his Conſcience?
What Mortal would let his Opinion depend al-
-Together on fooliſh *Republican* Scandal?
Which to one *Page* of Learning, or *Line* of ſound Reaſon,
Ne'er fails of a *Sheet* of Ill-Manners, or Treaſon.

So the *Farmer* and *Gard'ner*, by making the greater
Conſumption of Dung, think their Products the better;
And the *Quack*, that relieves a Sore-Throat, to get Money,
Puts a great deal of Dog's-T---d to one Drop of Honey.

Who for Truth would depend on our News that is printed,
Where, to humour our Betters, the Fact muſt be ſtinted,
And the Writers Opinion too commonly paſſes
For deep Penetration, with Spectacle Aſſes;
Who, by ſcandalous Scribble grow wiſe and diſcerning,
Making dull Penny-Trifles the chief of their Learning?

So the Looby that follows the Plow and the Harrow,
Who labours all Day, and ne'er thinks of to Morrow,
By conſulting his Almanack, hopes to grow wiſer
Than *Partridge* himſelf, or the Stars in the Skies are.

What Mortal would mind any Blockhead's Predictions,
Or fill his Brains full of Star-Conjurer's Fictions,
Who, by reading the Planets, their Aſpects and Motions,
Pretend to a Foreſight of all Revolutions?
When their heavenly Knowledge is found ſo uncertain,
That the Wiſeſt could never foretel his own Fortune,
Or foreſee, by his Skill, that the *Stationers* Charter
Should ſilence at once the *Rebellious* Aſſerter.

So the wise *Nectenabus*, that Learned *Egyptian*,
Found, too late, that the Planets were full of Deception;
For, when *Alec the Great* near a Pit did decoy him,
He could not foresee, that he meant to destroy him.

Why does not that Mungrel deserve to be spit on,
Who declares, he's a Son of the Church of *Great Britain*,
Yet will rail at her Clergy, for no other Reason
Than for speaking the Truth in a critical Season?
As if 'twas no Sin for our Priests to preach Booty,
And to hazard the Church by Neglect of their Duty;
Or, that now in an Age, so corrupt and so vicious,
When the Fools are profuse, and the Knaves avaritious,
Our Religion, which once we were so much in fear of,
Was become the Last thing that we ought to take Care of.

So the Rebels, that aim at a base Usurpation,
Cry Religion's in Danger, to frighten the Nation;
But, if once they grow Masters, as certain as can be,
They despise what before they pretended to stand by.

What a Raving of late, was there made by the Zealous?
When ſome were for Baniſhment, ſome for the Gallows;
And others, who long had been ſtanch *Moderators*,
Were for gelding the Prieſt, and his Friends and Abettors.
But, when all the good Saints were by chance diſappointed,
Their Endeavours quite baffl'd, their Project disjointed,
That the Dung-boat *Review*, and the dull *Obſervator*,
With their nauſeous Aſſiſtance thro' all the whole Matter,
Were unable to bring o'er their Sovereign People,
To ſide with the Meeting, againſt Church and Steeple;
O then, how they pull'd in their Horns in the City!
And began ſoon to change both their Tune, and their Ditty,
Put an unwilling Stop to their loud Indignation,
And turn'd of a ſudden their clamorous Paſſion,
By Advice of their Guides, into low *Moderation*?
So the baſe *Politician*, that ſtudies the Ruin
Of thoſe, who, by Foreſight, prevent their Undoing,
To the Perſon he'd injure, his Friendſhip he proffers,
And fawns, till the next Opportunity offers.

What's the Meaning of thoſe, who pretend to make Speeches
On the Freaks of the Mobb, whom the Devil bewitches,
To revile the Black Robe, for the wicked Offences
Which were done by a Rabble, when out of their Senſes,
Not miſled from their Duty by Orthodox Preaching,
But by *Obs* and *Reviews*, and by ſuch ſort of Teaching,
Who aſcribe to the poor, undiſtinguiſhing Drudges,
Both the Power of Kings, and the Wiſdom of Judges;
Till at length they believe, they've a Right of Chaſtizing
Thoſe that ſhew'd 'em the Method of thus Tyrannizing?

So the Keepers of Monſters, and Bear-garden Teachers
Of Bears, Lyons, Tygers, and ſuch Savage Creatures,
By correcting the Brutes, make 'em ſo much the milder;
For, by fawning upon 'em, they grow but the wilder;
And if flatter'd too much, in a Fury will fall on
Their Maſters, and tear 'em with Tooth and with Talon.

What a Snake in her Boſom, is ſuch a Pretender
To th' Church, that ſhall rail againſt thoſe that defend her,

And be free that her Doctrine be brought down the closer
To the Int'rest and Humour of those that oppose her?
As if 'twas the Duty of our Spiritual Pastors,
To indulge all the *Sects*, till they've made them our Masters,
And to suit, in their Pulpits, whatever they say t'ye,
To the Pride of our Foes, and the Whims of the Lay'ty.
So, instead of their being our Souls true Physicians,
Make themselves the Promoters of wicked Seditions.

But the Holy Apostles at all times defended
Those Truths by the Guide of all Guides recommended;
And betwixt Two Opinions ne'er limp'd like a Cripple,
But with Martyrdom seal'd what they preach'd to the People.

What Hypocrisy 'tis in each sanctify'd Brother,
To be rowing one way, and still looking another,
And to shew to the Church both their Teeth and their Passion,
At the very same time that they cry, *Moderation*;
Make Peace and true Concord their specious Pretences,
Yet will rail and revile, as if out of their Senses;

Shew

Shew their Malice in things which they ought not to mention,
And by freſh Provocations encourage Contention;
Render Men of more Worth than themſelves, in their Speeches,
By their ſcandalous Tongues, meer contemptible Wretches;
And to pleaſure the turbulent Side they declare for,
Muſt ſcandalize thoſe that their Party don't care for,
And reflect on the Clergy, without knowing wherefore?

So the Libertine Lover, that makes Application
To a Lady too chaſte to comply with his Paſſion,
In revenge of her Slights, will be apt to reproach her,
Becauſe ſhe'd more Senſe than to let him debauch her.

What's become of true Piety, Honour and Vertue,
If you worſhip the Devil, for fear he ſhould hurt you,
And fly off from the Church, to be taught in By-Alleys,
Where the Wolves in Sheeps Cloathing ſow Envy and Malice,
And by Damnable Doctrines enſlave and miſguide ye,
That the Knaves of the Rump may oppreſs ye, and ride ye?
For as ſure as the Muſes take Pleaſure in Rimming,
Your Fanatical Leaders will always be climbing;

And as Poverty haunts each Poetical Brother,
So the Curse of Rebellion's entail'd on the other.
'Tis not from their Love to their God, or their Princes,
That their Zeal to the State or Religion commences;
But from Int'rest alone it arises, and stretches
Its Venom to th' poisoning of many poor Wretches,
Who, for want of distinguishing Men and their Manners,
And when they turn Fools, that the Knaves may be Gainers,
Run astray from the Church, and forsake her Communion,
To promote, like Old *Law-ll*, Peace, Concord, and Union;
Thus endanger the Health of their Souls, by their Folly,
In a Path that's more wide, and a Climate less holy.

So the Fool that will quit either *Berkshire* or *Surrey*,
For the low Parts of *Kent*, or the Hundreds of *Essex*,
May be certain, all wise Men will count him a Noddy,
For deserting good Air, to the Hurt of his Body.

What's the Meaning of those, in so lofty a Station,
Who preside in the Church where we seek our Salvation,

That altho' they to others so highly commend her,
Yet they ne'er can agree in one Point to defend her;
But sit wrangling and squabbling, to all Peoples Wonder,
When they see her Foes striving to tear her asunder;
As if they thought no Earthly Power could hurt her,
Or that Heaven, without 'em, was bound to support her?

So we find, by Experience, that nothing's more common
Than for Rivals, who doat on the very same Woman,
To contend about who has most Right to her Favour,
Till some cunning sly Knave shall debauch and enslave her.

How I laugh, when I hear a *Whig* talk in a Passion,
Of what Blessings their Conduct have brought on the Nation,
And what Wonders their Party have done for the Kingdom,
Till at length they have brought it almost to a Thingdom;
How they kept out the Pope, and his Partner the Devil;
And by *Dent*, and such Scoundrels, reform'd us from Evil;
How they stood by the Church in the highest of Danger,
Not in Honour to him that was laid in a Manger,

But that they might build their own Int'reſt upon her;
And make her pay Sawce for the Service they've done her?

So the Lecher that loves a young Lady's Embraces,
Will aſſiſt a fair Dam'ſel in any Diſtreſſes,
That by ſhewing ſuch Kindneſs, he may have the better
Pretence to delude the poor innocent Creature.

However, theſe Comforts we juſtly may brag on,
We abound in Religions, from *Jewiſh* to *Pagan*,
And have Prieſts of all Sizes, ſome Low, and ſome Lofty,
From the *Muggleton* Dunce, to *Mahometan* Mufti:
If you want to be wicked, we've Thouſands to guide ye,
And have Ladies ſo rampant, they're ready to ride ye:
We have Jangles and Squabbles in Country and City,
And a Shoal of dull Authors to one that is witty;
We have Laws without end, (from their Fangs the Lord bleſs us!)
That are made to relieve, but more often oppreſs us;
For they're canvaſs'd ſo oddly, at Sixes and Sevens,
By the Lawyers, who ſwarm like the Stars in the Heavens,

That a Man is ne'er thoroughly curs'd in this Nation,
Till he's prick'd by the Law, with the Thorns of Vexation.
In ſhort, we have all that can plague us, or pleaſe us;
We have Wine to refreſh us, and Women to teaze us;
We have Taxes to keep us from piling up Riches;
We have Husbands with Horns, whilſt the Wives wear the Breeches;
We have many poor Debtors, and Priſons to ſtarve 'em;
We have Halters and Gibbets, and Rogues that deſerve 'em;
We have Hopes of a Peace, by which we're deluded;
But the Lord above knows when it will be concluded.

What a damnable Race the *Fanaticks* are running,
As we plainly may ſee by their *Proing* and *Conning*,
In a Libel that ſhews what a Turbulent Spirit
Our implacable *Saints* from their Fathers inherit?
How, by infamous Fiction and Inſinuation,
Do they openly ſtrike at the Church's Foundation,
And by odious Suggeſtions endeavour to make her
As unſetl'd and wav'ring, as thoſe that forſake her;

Who more fully to ſhew, that they cannot endure her,
Turn the Senſe of the Laws that are made to ſecure her;
And from baſe Miſconſtruction, and falſe Suppoſition,
Would by Common-wealth Arguments work her Perdition;
Moſt craftily judging, there's no way to hurt her,
But to weaken the Force of thoſe Props that ſupport her?

So the ſturdy old Oak, that has had a firm Footing
For Ages, and thrives by its permanent Rooting;
If the Trunk from the Root by the Ax be divided,
It muſt ſtoop to thoſe Winds it ſo long had abided.

How can Monarchy flouriſh in Glory and Power,
If invaded by thoſe who're for bringing it lower;
Or expect we ſhould e'er to its Fulneſs reſtore it,
If it's *model'd* and *manag'd* by thoſe that abhor it?
What Stag would be rul'd by the Hounds that purſue him,
And be counſel'd by thoſe that he knows would undo him?
Or who give a Part, if it may be prevented,
To a Foe that will not without All be contented?

What a Church muſt we have, (God Almighty defend her!)
If her Rivals that hate her, are ſuffer'd to mend her,
And to alter and mangle her Faith and her Worſhip,
To reform her, they ſay, from her *Babylon* Whoreſhip?
When if once they could bring their Deſigns to a Criſis,
We ſhould find, that their Aim is, to pull her to pieces;
That Old *Presbyter Jack* might enſlave us and fool us,
And a Brood of Tyrannick *Republicans* rule us.
Thus, whene'er they intend to ſubvert the whole Nation,
Their Deſigns they gild over with *New Reformation*,
Cry out *Pop'ry* aloud, when themſelves, like the Devil,
Are ſubjecting all Good to the Power of Evil.

So the Poachers, that catch ſilly Birds, to deſtroy 'em,
Bait their Pitfals with what is moſt like to decoy 'em;
That the feather'd poor Fools, not aware of undoing
Themſelves, may more boldly leap into their Ruin.

What abundance of Pains do they take to accuſe us
Of a *Perkinite* Plot, and ſuch Shams, to amuſe us;

And to fix on the Church, by *Reviews*, and ſuch Nonſenſe,
What they know to be ſcurrilous Lies, in their Conſcience?
Whilſt themſelves and their Libels are daily promoting
Their accurſed *Old Cauſe*, by their Railing and Plotting,
Tho' in vain they endeavour, by Canting and Whining,
To conceal from the Nation, thoſe Ills they're deſigning;
For there's no Man ſo dull, 'leſs depriv'd of his Senſes,
But may ſee their vile Aim, thro' their Cobweb Pretences.

So the Father of Lies, to betray us to Evil,
Can appear like an Angel of Light, tho' a Devil,
And is never without ſome deceitful Invention,
As a treacherous Blind to his wicked Intention.

Why muſt thoſe of the Church be made *Jacobite* Traytors,
By their odious *Reviews*, and their dull *Obſervators*;
And be mark'd and diſtinguiſh'd by baſe Appellations,
That their Foes may thereby better ſerve their Occaſions,
By ſuch crafty Contrivances weaken her Union,
Frighten Numbers, by Names, from her Holy Communion?

Yet, forsooth, we must bear with their insolent Clamours,
And be fearful to answer their wretched Misnomars;
Lest we're call'd to Account by the Heads of their Party,
For offending the Throne, to whom none are more hearty
Than the Sons of the *Church*, who have always asserted
The Rights of the same, when by Faction subverted.
Therefore, *Presbyter John*, notwithstanding his Shamming,
When he strikes at the *Church*, at the *Monarch* he's aiming;
Nor would he so much to Rebellion be given,
If he sought not the Comforts of Earth more than Heaven.

What a Scandal they cast on the late *Revolution*,
That shall make that the Cause of our present Confusion,
By affixing such infamous Principles to it,
That, if put into Practice, must force us to rue it?
What a wond'rous Advantage it is to the Nation,
For our Kings to be Slaves to our Pride and our Passion,
And be pull'd from the Throne by our cavilling Factions,
When, perhaps without Cause, they think ill of his Actions,

Or dislike and condemn a Good Prince, for restraining
The Ambition of those that are always complaining,
Or remove and depose him, whenever he offers
T' exclude the *Saints* Fingers from picking his Coffers?

What a Blessing 'twould be for the Church of the Nation,
To be govern'd by those of another Persuasion,
Or reform'd by a base *Atheistical* Faction,
Who believe her to be but of Humane Extraction?
That a Pack of prophane and illiterate Dull-pates,
From mechanick Employments may steal into Pulpits,
And the Text be misconstru'd by whimsical Fellows,
Who, by Instinct of Nature, are base and rebellious,
And, like *Peters* of Old, would be always designing
To propagate Mischief, by Canting and Whining?

In how loose and uncertain a State are we ranging,
If it's lawful to always be chopping and changing?
And how wretched we are, if the Church and the Nation
Must be curs'd and oppress'd with each strange Innovation,

That the whimsical Heads of a Turbulent Faction
Shall advance, still to keep their Old Malice in Action?
As if National Safety and Good were depending
On our making things worse, by our falsly pretending
That they want, when they do not, our Patching and Mending.

If the Subjects *Resistance* of Kings be allow'd on,
That Fanatical Tenet the *Saints* are so proud on;
Then, what Teacher on Earth can be able to measure
That Obedience, which only depends on our Pleasure?
Or what Prince can be safe in the true Execution
Of a Power that's subject to such Revolution?
If the Tye of Allegiance must be as we'll make it,
And whenever we please, we may lawfully break it;
Then the *People* are *Kings*, and the *Judge* of *all* Matters,
And the *King*, as we *call* him, the *wretchedst* of Creatures,
Who must every day be in danger of losing
His Crown, if it be at the Peoples disposing;
Or of laying his Head down, when Faction o'er-pow'rs him,
As the Best of all Princes did once do before him.

If these are the Tenets our *Saints* do insist on,
Let 'em cease, for the future, to call themselves *Christian*;
Or, if these are the Principles of *Revolution*,
Which, the *Whigs* do assert, so deserve our Promotion;
Let us shift off *Christianity*, e'er we receive 'em;
For a Nation of *Heathens* are fittest to give 'em
The Sanction of Laws, which our *modelling* Faction
Are endeav'ring to gain, to the Kingdom's Distraction.
But, why should the Tame and too Credulous wonder,
To see the *Saints* labour to bring us all under,
Since Experience of Old has sufficiently shewn us,
That whenever they've Power, they endeavour to ruin us,
And are never content with a free *Toleration*,
Till themselves can deny it to th' rest of the Nation?

Why can no Man approve of the late *Revolution*,
'Less he joins to extirpate our Old Constitution,
And is willing to give up, to *Whig* and *Dissenter*,
What we sav'd from the *Pope*, by that timely Adventure?

If that's all the Bleſſing we've got by't, ſo brag on,
And in turning from *Baal*, we muſt bow unto *Dagon*,
By the Poet our Fate very truly deſcrib'd is,
For we ſplit upon *Scylla*, in ſhunning *Charybdis*:
And if this be our Caſe, as the Faction would make it,
And pretend, 'tis ſo plain, that we cannot miſtake it;
Then, I think, the *Diſſenters* have made a good Diſh on't,
And the *Church* but a very poor Kettle of Fiſh on't.

What tho', when our National Safety is urgent,
We comply with a Change, when the Caſe is emergent?
Muſt we therefore infer, like our wiſe *Obſervator*,
That we're bound to be Changlings for ever hereafter?
And from thence, that the People have doubtleſs a Freedom
To pull down their Kings, when they think they don't need 'em;
And may change 'em on every treacherous Rumour
Of Miſrule, as oft as the *Mobb*'s in the Humour?
If theſe are the Bleſſings the *Saints* are regaining,
And the Right of the Subject they are for maintaining;

If they can but accompliſh their hopeful Intention,
By the Ruin o'th' Church, and the Monarch's Declenſion;
Then our happy Poſterity never can fail on
A laſting Foundation for future Rebellion;
Nor ourſelves ever want thoſe Domeſtick Contentions,
As have always ſucceeded ſuch pious Inventions.

What a Rout the *Whigs* make of a Libel from *Holland*,
That no more came from thence, than from *Moſcow* or *Poland*,
But is rather impos'd, to the Kingdom's Diſhonour,
In the Name of the *States*, by our *Proer* and *Conner*,
Who, in all that he writes, does audaciouſly venture
To outly an old Jeſuite, tho' a *Diſſenter*:
As if the chief Aim of his miſchievous Writing
Was to heighten our Jars, till he ſets us on fighting;
And that his true Meaning, in caſe he could ruffle
The Land, was to make himſelf great in the Scuffle.

So the famous *Review*, that ſo modeſtly calls us
Such *Jacobite* Rogues, and ſo wittily mauls us;

When the Rump is ascendant, expects very fairly
To become full as great, as his late Master ——

What a Parcel of Libels of late have been printed,
To dishonour God's Church, and reproach his Anointed!
And what Aim can they have, pray, that write or commend 'em,
But the Ruin of both, by their running at random?
What *accountable Stewards* some make of our Princes,
In Books that are penn'd by Men out of their Senses;
Whilst others are wickedly writ, with Intention
To render the Church but a Humane Invention,
And assert, that the People may change, if they're willing,
Their Government, just as they may do a Shilling?

Since *Deposing of Kings* is a Doctrine in fashion
With the *Whigs* and *Dissenters*, those Weeds of the Nation;
Tho' they rail at the *Pope*, yet their Principles shew it,
They're *Papists* i'th' main, tho' they will not allow it;
And the Notions now hugg'd by their ignorant Teachers,
Are defended by sly *Jesuitical* Preachers,

Who

Who conform to the Cloak and the Band, with Intention
To ruin the Land, by their ſowing Diſſenſion.

Since the World is thus full of Deſign and Ill-Nature,
And the Leſſer, like Fiſh, are devour'd by the Greater;
Let us ſtand by the Church that we hope to be ſav'd by,
And beware of thoſe *Saints* we have once been enſlav'd by;
Drink a Health to the Queen, in a Bumper of Claret,
Wiſh the Crown full of Joy, and She ever to wear it;
That the Land may be always preſerv'd from the evil
Deſigns of *Fanaticks*, the *Pope*, and the *Devil!*

F I N I S.

Who conform to the Cloak and the Band, with Intention
To ruin the Land, by their lowing Diffention.

Since the World is thus full of Deſign and Ill-Nature,
And the Leſſer, like Fifh, are devour'd by the Greater;
Let us ſtand by the Church that we hope to be ſav'd by,
And beware of thole Saints we have once been enſnav'd by;
Drink a Health to the Queen, in a Bumper of Claret,
With the Crown full of Joy, and She ever to wear it;
That the Land may be always preſerv'd from the evil
Deſigns of Fanatick, [illegible] the Devil!

FINIS.